Table of Contents

1. Cover
2. Prologue
3. Chapter 1 - Change
4. Chapter 2 - Missing
5. Chapter 3 - Eavesdropping
6. Chapter 4 - Miss you
7. Author's Note
8. Im back
9. Update
10. Chapter 5 - Investigating
11. TORD Story
12. 700 views???????
13. Chapter 6 - Runaway
14. Update on stuff I'm gonna be shipping in this book
15. Not a chapter, but please read
16. I GOT MY ACCOUNT BACK

Cover

[image]

A/N: Before you continue:

Dear Starspeaker shippers:

You may end up shipping Squidspeaker. But yes, you will find Starspeaker in here.

Dear Sunnyflight shippers:

I do *sort of* break up Sunnyflight (Yes, I'm crazy, sinking my own ship in my own fanfiction)

Dear scavengers who ship neither Sunyflight nor Starspeaker:

This might get weird for you, due to the amount of Starspeaker and Sunnyflight in here.

Dear scavengers who ship Pertle:

...Why? Why do you-Just why? Why? Why do you ship it and why have you come to a Cleril book seeking comfort?

Dear scavengers who ship Cleril:

You are going to love this book. Period. Wait no I already added a punctuation.

Dear scavengers who have not read Wings of Fire Books up to

#14:

A) WHAT THE MOONS IS WRONG WITH YOU? *Shoves the entire series onto your snout*

B) SPOILER ALERT!

C) If you are not in the fandom, then GET OUT OF HERE AND GO READ THOSE BOOKS!

Dear scavengers that sit in front of their devices for hours waiting for the next update:

Look, I don't update very much!!! Like, maybe ONCE a week. Maybe. I'm unpredictable.

The story may be left unfinished for a while, as I'm busy doing other things. (Don't be disappointed if it takes me 6 months to finish the next chapter)

Prologue

Anemone felt herself staring into Tamarin's eyes. Even though they were colorless and stared blankly at the Jade Mountain peaks, they seemed to be glimmering in the sunshine like rainbows.

Suddenly, a voice snapped her out of her thoughts. "Daydreaming about Tamarin again, huh?"

Anemone whipped around, tail raised, then lowered it as she realized who it was.

"You'll never be good enough for her. You're just a *bossy, spoiled* SeaWing princess who wants everything. Glory was right. She knew that you'd be exactly like Tsunami." Kinkajou snapped.

"*Tsunami isn't spoiled!* She is a little bossy... But that doesn't mean she's a bad dragon!" Anemone spat back.

"You're just *saying* that because she's your sister." Kinkajou hissed.

"I am not! You're the one who's spoiled! *You* don't have to hunt for food. *You* don't have to sleep on hard stone rock. *You* don't have a mother who stalks you and treats you like a tadpole *all the time*!" Anemone's eyes were aflame with anger.

"You just toss away everything *good* you have so you can complain! You barely care about anything! *I* on the other hand actually *work* to *fix* my problems! You just *whine* about it all day!" Anemone realized with a pang of guilt that Kinkajou had a point.

"You're just jealous!" Anemone hissed.

"What's going on?" Anemone realized that Tamarin had drawn closer and was listening in.

"*Stay out of it*, Tamarin." Kinkajou said while glaring furiously at Anemone.

"Kinkajou thinks I'm *mean* and *bossy*! *Tell her she's wrong,* Tamarin. *Just tell her*!" Anemone spat the word "Kinkajou" as if it was a rotten oyster.

"Well... You kind of *are*." Tamarin's words stung Anemone like a bee.

Was she really that bad?

"See? I think I've won now. Come on, Tamarin. Let's find somewhere *else* to enjoy the mountain." Kinkajou purposely turned her back towards Anemone and walked onward toward the entrance to Jade Mountain Academy.

Tamarin hesitated, but followed. A single tear slowly crawled down Anemone's snout.

Kinkajou's right. I'll never be good enough for Tamarin. Even if I did everything to impress that arrogant blowfish, Anemone thought.

Clay's calm voice interrupted her thoughts. "Anemone? Are you all right? I can get you a cow if you want. Wait, I think I ate that cow."

Anemone barely managed to say, "I'm fine."

"If you say so. I'll be in the Prey Center if you need me." Clay said, then disappeared into the Academy.

Anemone sighed and walked into a shallow river, looking for a pond to relax in. Water had always calmed her down. She soon heard the familiar gurgling of a wider river up ahead, and her pace quickened as she spotted a lake not too far in the distance. As she drew closer to the lake, she froze in place, ears pricked.

Crack! A twig snapped.

Sliiither... The sound of a dragon tail moving across the stony forest ground.

Thump. The sound of adult dragon talons hitting the stone.

Webs? What is he doing here? Anemone thought. Webs was the only

adult dragon here at Jade Mountain, besides Peril. Had he come to visit the lake?

No... Webs' talons were much lighter than that... *Thump thump.*

Then who was it? Peril? *Oh, it must be her,* Anemone thought.

"Peril? Is that you?" She called to the trees. No reply.

"Peril?"

Then she fell into darkness.

NO I did not just break up Anemarin like that, it's just to make a cliffhanger and Anemarin is a very important ship in this series.

Thank you for reading this chapter of my book! If you liked it, please vote and comment. If you have any advice, please comment your suggestion. Please no rude comments. This is my second book, and I'm not done with my first, so I'm still new to writing complete novels. Btw, sorry but not sorry that I do cliffhangers....

-

Chapter 1 - Change

Starflight waited to hear the heavy, confident footsteps of Peril.

He and Queen Ruby had figured out that Peril couldn't burn concrete, and he was waiting to give his copy of "Wings of Fire: The Dragonet Prophecy". Starflight found the series name quite impressive, if you asked him. They were *going* to name the series, "Tales of Pyrrhia", but then Luna got really mad, and Peril claimed she was *VERY* important and the title should be, "Legends of Peril". That was when Turtle popped into the conversation, explaining that most scavengers knew Peril for was screaming at an animus-touched bowl. Then Peril threatened to burn their faces off, and so they finally agreed on calling it "Wings of Fire".

Queen Ruby had turned out to be quite clever. She was the one who had pointed out that Peril didn't burn the concrete floor of her room, back at the Sky Palace. So Starflight had been very busy working on getting the first book out for her.

The letters were carved into the stone, instead of ink, because that would melt. *I wonder if blind dragons could read this.*

He was snapped out of his thoughts as Fatespeaker said worriedly, "I hope she's going to show up. Oh no, what if she's burning dragons again?! What if Scarlet's still alive and Peril is rescuing her, THIS MOMENT?? I THINK I'M HAVING A VISION!!!"

"Hey, could you read scrolls like these? That'd be really great! Then you wouldn't have to look so sad all day because you can't read!" Fatespeaker's tone turned from dramatic to excited.

"Fatespeaker, stop worrying about *me*. More people have tried to kill *you* than *me*." Starflight said, although internally he secretly liked it when she worried about him so much. Like Sunny.

"That was only a few IceWings! And come on, I *know* you like it when I do that. I had a VISION about it."

"Fatespeaker, what have I told you about NightWings and their visions?" Starflight said tonelessly. He wished this topic didn't have to come up so much.

"But *Stonemover's* just a *big fat liar*, because *Moonwatcher* has visions! *And that newborn Nightwing dragonet!* ...Stardust, was it? *He* had visions!"

"Look, the recent generation of the NightWings seem to be regaining their powers, but *you* aren't in that generation. Understand?" Starflight said.

Their powers probably come from the moons. If they all hatched on that island, -Except for Moon- the sky would be too covered in ash to show the moons.

"I understand." Fatespeaker said glumly, she ran off and her talonsteps faded off into the background.

"Fatespeaker, just because you're incorrect about something doesn't mean you have to sulk about it!" Starflight yelled after her.

She's gotta learn that you win an argument with your brain, not your desires.

• • •

Sunny flattened herself on a dune. It wasn't camouflage, but by the time Six-Claws noticed her, he'd recognize Sunny and let her through.

As if answering her question, Six-Claws said, "Ah, Sunny! Visiting Queen Thorn, I assume?" Sunny nodded. "Very well then. Just don't set the kingdom fire or anything." Six-Claws fumbled with a large brass key and then opened the gate to the Stronghold.

Sunny noticed several changes in the stronghold. The spikes on the walls had been removed, and the dizzying images carved into the stone were replaced with painted images of a desert night. A

"ceiling" was added, by lining up golden metal bars.

Smart idea. That way you can let in the sunlight, but keep away intruders.

There were several staircases, but Sunny could tell which one led to the throne room right away.

The staircase was painted gold, with sculptures of all shapes and colors. Her talons clacked on the each stair making a loud clicking noise, and as soon as she reached view of the throne room, her mother raced toward her with open wings.

"Where have you been? It's about time you payed a visit!" Queen Thorn had an angry tone, but a loving expression.

"Well, I DO run a school with at least fifty students." Sunny replied. Her scales felt warm with her mother's wings on them.

"Fifty? I thought it was only thirty-five or so."

"We added Pantalan dragonets to Jade Academy, since we don't want them to be excluded." She told the SandWing queen. "Well, we're... Working on it, at least." Sunny added.

"What's new over there at Jade Mountain?" Queen Thorn asked, just as Sunny said, "I came here to tell you that we're working on a scavenger thing called "technology".

"What's technology?"

"Something scavengers invented. It uses this power called "electricity", and the device we're making right now is a tablet sort of thing that guides you to where your parents are. We're using them in Jade Mountain, because for *some annoying reason*, all the prophecies and trouble come there which is just *insane!* To make it work, we have to pass out a bracelet that's connected to the tablet to the parent." Sunny explained as she handed her a thin silver bracelet.

"Scavengers made this?" Thorn asked, awe threaded all through her voice.

Sunny opened her mouth to answer, but a SandWing messenger hurtled up the stairs, into the throne room, and exclaimed, "*There's an emergency at Jade Mountain! You have to come quickly, Princess Sunny*!"

"*What emergency? What happened??*" Sunny's scales felt as though they might explode in frustration if *another* NightWing animus had risen from the mountain. "The SeaWing princess didn't say!! She just wanted you to be there as fast as possible!" Sunny leapt up, knocking over several marble vases of dragonflame cacti, and raced out of the throne room, not bothering to take the tablet with her.

"Sorry, mom! Gotta go!" Although she was calling to her mother, her eyes were focused on the wooden door exit, several Morrowseer-sized lengths away from her. *If* Tsunami *of all dragons is asking* ME *for an emergency, it must be desperate,* She thought anxiously.

As Sunny exited the Stronghold, she tripped on her tail several times, and while racing out onto the vast white sands of the desert, her snout bonked awkwardly into several guards, and pierced her underbelly with a rather large cacti. *Ow.*

• • •

OH NO OH NO OH NO OHNOOHNOOHNOOHNOOHNOOHNOOHNOOHNOOHNOOHNO I'M A WHOLE DAY LATE! IF ONLY I COULD FLY FASTER! WHAT IF STONEMOVER GOT POSSESED BY DARKSTALKER OR SOMETHING??? IT'LL BE TOO LATE!!!!! Sunny's mind was erupting with fear, like the NightWing island volcano with lava.

Oddly, when she arrived in the Principle's Office, Tsunami was calmly sorting papers at her desk. "WHAT?! WHAT HAPPENED?! DID PEACEMAKER GET POSSESSED BY DARKSTALKER???? *DID FLAME KILL MY DAD???? IS THE MOUNTAIN ON FIRE????"*

"What? No. Of course not. It's just you're the only one who's free, and I'm exhausted with getting all the Pantalan dragons together, and SERIOUSLY, WHY ARE THE WINGLETS FIGHTING?!" Tsunami's eyes were aflame with anger, but SERIOUSLY, THIS is

what you call an EMERGENENCY?

"WHO TOLD YOU I WAS FREE? I'M BUSY WITH TALKING WITH QUEENS, DON'T GET ME WRONG. AND NOW I FLEW ACROSS THE DESERT FOR A DAY AND A HALF FOR NOTHING?!?!!?" Sunny stormed out of the room, as Tsunami said quietly, "Um... yes?"

After ANOTHER tiring flight across the desert, Sunny FINALLY returned to the Stronghold. The staircase was still the same gold color, but now it seemed as though they were twinkling smugly, mocking her for how easily she could be fooled, the sculptures glimmering with confusions. *Click clack, click clack, clickclack...* Her footsteps quickened as she climbed higher, although the clicking sound sounded much too similar to the sound of a clock, whining to her about the WHOLE 3 DAYS she spent flying for NOTHING!

Then suddenly, she stopped short in her tracks. The throne room was aflame, and she couldn't see anyone except for Qibli, fast asleep of the marble floor, holding a bucket which seemed to look like it had once been full of water. "Qibli!"

"Qibli, why are you sleeping, when *Queen Thorn* is in *danger*?! She might burn to death!" That was STRANGE. Qibli was always so protective of Thorn! So why would he be SLEEPING?! "QIBLI, WAKE UP!" That brought him to his talons, although his eyes signaled that he was still waking up.

"Why--What? OHMYMOONS WHERE IS QUEEN THORN?!" Qibli, now fully awake, and in full rage, whipped around, trying to see through the fire. "WHERE IS EVERYONE????? WHY ISN'T ANYONE HELPING WITH THE FIRE??????" Sunny peered back at the lower parts of the Stronghold, looking for SandWing guards.

What. The. Moons. She thought. Every. Single. Other. SandWing. Was ASLEEP. "WHY THE MOONS ARE YOU ALL SLEEPING????" Qibli exclaimed. A few of the closest guards stumbled to their talons, took one look at the fire, and ran toward the nearest oasis.

Sunny grabbed the nearest water source --A vase containing a wilted looking sunflower-- and thew it at the fire. The vase disappeared into the flaming mess, but she could hear some of the

fire sizzling to a stop with her sharp SandWing ears. Moments later, the fire had faded away, revealing broken shards of glass scattered here and there, with large, shallow puddles of water, and an unconscious Queen Thorn.

"Qu-" Qibli started, but was cut off as he fell unconscious on the floor. "Qibli? Qibli, wake up!" But then, Sunny too, fell into darkness.

• • •

Fatespeaker rang the metal bell in the hall and sighed. If only someone wanted her. Sunny was jealous of her, Flame hated her, Ochre forgot about her, Squid ignored her, and now Starflight was annoyed by her.

Do I really need friends? A small part of her mind whispered.

Of course! Who would I talk to? Who would I play with? Who would I tell my visions to? She argued back. Although... Did she really? A voice interrupted her thoughts.

"-But we're already so busy right now with the Pantalan students right now, so I don't know who's free!" It was Clay, Fatespeaker recognized his sturdy brown scales immediately. He was talking to a red-orange SkyWing with a fierce expression, and now and then, a cloud of smoke burst from her scales.

"So why don't you hire more teachers? Handling fifty students shouldn't be a job for just five dragonets. Plus, didn't you say that you're missing an IceWing teacher and a SkyWing teacher?" Peril replied.

"We don't know who to hire. We aren't that close to many--Oh!" Clay interrupted himself.

"What?"

"*You* can be the SkyWing teacher!" Clay exclaimed. Fatespeaker frowned, that couldn't be a bright idea.

"Clay, we talked about this. I'm not fit to be a teacher, the only

thing I could teach students is burning things, otherwise sitting in a dark cave." Fatespeaker was glad the SkyWing had at least a SMALL piece of sensibility, and to her, Peril shouldn't be at JMA at all in the first place.

"Well, you could defend the school if anything bad happens. You're the best fighter we have at Jade Mount--" A loud voice--Most likely Tsunami--roared something furiously at him, causing Clay to cut off before finishing his sentence.

"I thought we're trying to *avoid* bad things."

"Well, yes, but--just in case." Clay glanced around the cave, his gaze stopping on Fatespeaker. "Could you help us? We need help organizing the Winglets, and some of the dragonets are fighting."

Fatespeaker didn't want to, but at least she would get to meet someone new. "All right."

"Thanks!" He skipped into the prey center with Peril, leaving Fatespeaker alone to do her jobs.

She ducked under the stalactites hanging from the entrance to the sleeping caves, and went to check on the Jade Winglet. As she entered, a pink and yellow head looked up from a scroll, with wide, excited eyes. "Hi Fatespeaker! I'm working on writing a scroll called 'The Legend of Kinkajou'. What are you doing here?" Instead of answering, Fatespeaker said, "You're late for Music class. Sunny's waiting for you!"

Kinkajou immediately dropped her scroll and as her tail disappeared into the exit, Fatespeaker could hear Kinkajou call over her shoulder, "Oh! Gotta go, then!"

Fatespeaker smacked herself in the forehead with her tail. *You can't even manage to keep Kinkajou as your friend. Nobody who's already met me likes me.*

An idea struck Fatespeaker like a lightning bolt. *But not everyone's met me. I still have a chance at friends.* She bolted off to the library to tell Starflight her new idea.

A/N: Apologizing for the short chapter, I was short of time when I made this.

Thank you for reading this chapter of my book! If you liked it, please vote and comment. If you have any advice, please comment your suggestion. Please no rude comments, thanks!

Chapter 2 - Missing

Starflight's head shot up as small, light talons thudded into the room. "Is that Kinkajou I hear?"

"No, Starflight. It's me, Fatespeaker." A voice from (somewhere) around the entrance to the library said softly.

"Oh. Do you need to borrow a book?"

"No, I wanted to ask you something. So you know how the Jade Winglet is always off on adventures?" Fatespeaker answered.

Starflight tipped his head. "...Yes? What about them?" "There are almost always open slots, and so I was thinking that we could offer dragons to come to Jade Mountain while they're gone!"

"Look, the best thing to do right now is find some way to keep the Jade Winglet together" He shook his head and sighed. *If only things could ever be normal.*

Fatespeaker put on a cheerful tone and said, "Well, things seem pretty normal right now, right?"

"Well, no."
"No?????"

"Anemone disappeared yesterday. We don't know where she went. .....Do you think it had anything to do with Peril?" Starflight was running through all the possibilities.

What would Peril want with Anemone?

Maybe to use her animus powers to bring back Scarlet? But isn't Scarlet Peril's enemy now?

"Probably. Peril's the type of moonlicker that might do that." Fatespeaker said to herself smugly, although Starflight wasn't

paying much attention.

But that STILL didn't explain why Turtle had gone missing as well. *So Peril MUST be using animuses in some kind of way..... But maybe it isn't Peril. And surely, an animus could protect themself from Peril. So it MUST be someone else.*

Who had gone missing recently? *Turtle, Anemone and.... was it Pike? So all SeaWings.* He made a "hmm" sound.

Suddenly, the sound of frantic footsteps snapped Starflight out of his thoughts. "Thirty-two more reports of missing dragons." He guessed it was Peril, as he could feel the room heating up.

So it still might be her, if she already knows this quickly. "Who disappeared NOW?" Fatespeaker groaned.

"Well, lets see.... Cerulean, Shore, Splash, Auklet, Fin, Octopus, Pirate, Seagull, Tide, Barracuda, Angelfish, Mako, Dolphin, Wave, um.... Squid, Minnow, Beach, Palm, Tuna, Lobster, Ripple, Seaweed, and 10 more SeaWing princes." Peril paused after each name, trying to remember all the SeaWing princes' names.

Even though Starflight couldn't see, he knew that Fatespeaker was probably waving her talons at Peril, like she always did. "OK OK, we get it."

In response, Peril retorted, "Hmph. YOU try memorizing 20 SeaWing names! Bet you can't get even five before your brain explodes!" And then shuffled out of the room without another word.

Peril stormed out of the cave. She swore, the next time that stupid NightWing pushed her away, she would SET HER BRAIN ON FIRE.

Wait no, I don't kill dragons anymore. She suddenly jerked her head to look at a passing SeaWing and asked, "Have you seen Clay? Where is he? When's he coming back? Is he here?" She tried to make her tone sound friendly, but it sounded more like a threat, as if she were to add "Answer, or else!" Which she probably might.

The SeaWing turned her head away from a RainWing student and replied, "Get your fiery hands off my friends, will you? We're trying to have some peace and quiet here, but OH NO PERIL IS SO LONELY AND THEREFORE MUST BE COMFORTED AND GET EVERYTHING SHE WANTS ON A SILVER PLATTER. You don't deserve him. You don't deserve anyone. *You don't even deserve to be alive!* And I thought Clay had a brain, but NO, if he did, he'd be smart enough to kick you out of this place."

"I only want Clay, and that's all! And with dragons like you poking your snout into MY MOONING BUSINESS, do you think I'm getting *anything?* How can I not deserve something I've never even had?" Peril growled dangerously at the SeaWing, who was evidently Tsunami due to the amount of such hate for her.

"You *can* hurt me, but I know you won't. Get over with it, it's only a crush. Feel free to stop killing dragons though, not that you ever will." Tsunami tipped her head at Peril sassily, which only irritated her more. Why couldn't this dragon just SHUT UP AND BE QUIET, for FIVE MINUTES????

Peril was about to retort something furiously back at her when the RainWing student-Tamarin, she guessed-interrupted. "Clay is out dealing with a bee hive that was knocked down that is now attacking students." Peril's wings drooped. "Oh."

Peril thought about which of the other dragonets were most tolerable. "Where's Sunny?"

Tsunami and Tamarin just exchanged looks and shrugged, deeply confused, although Tamarin was mainly confused about what face Tsunami was making, as the SeaWing was completely silent.

"Turtle?" They shook their heads again.

"Anemone?" Tamarin opened her mouth to speak, but Tsunami talked over her.

"*You* were the one who captured Anemone, you know. It's pretty obvious, I mean, who else would leave scorch marks near her favorite pond?" Although Tsunami was only slightly taller than

Peril, her pride towered over her, looming down at Peril and sneering bossily.

"What? No, that wasn't me! Trust me, please!" She pleaded. She wouldn't, *couldn't* tolerate it if she was blamed for someone else's crimes. But Tsunami just turned her back to Peril and spat, "And why would I trust *you*, of all dragons?"

She nudged Tamarin with her tail, indicating this was the time they leave so that Peril could cry about how she wasn't perfect like everyone else.

Well, you're wrong. I'm not that kind of dragon. I'm not the kind of dragon that will curl up and cry over her mistakes. You don't know the real me, not at all.

Sunny was jerked awake as her back hit the ground roughly. Her vision was still blurry, and all she could see was a dim light a few dragon-tails away from her. For a moment, Sunny thought she was dreaming, but as a beetle scurried over one of her talons, she *definitely* felt that and shivered. Where *was* she? It took Sunny's eyes a minute to adjust to the dim lighting, but she soon figured out she was in a cave.

Again. Sunny growled furiously.

A tap on her shoulder interrupted her anger, and she jerked around to vaguely see a pale green face.

"Who *are* you?" She roared at the unfamiliar dragon. The stranger had four beautiful wings with gold and blue patches all though it, and her wrists glowed with a mysterious fiery orange. White spikes dotted her arching spine, and antennae beside her horns flicked toward the entrance to the cave, searching for movement.

The green dragon growled softly at the darkness and replied, "I am what you are. What we all are." Her voice was confident, fierce and tough, although it also indicated that she was no more than around 6 years old.

"Royals."

A silence hung in the air as a million possibilities and questions flooded Sunny's head, before the dragon hissed at the cave opening and lowered her voice. "They're coming back."

Sunny tilted her head at the dragon as she turned away and began to walk toward the entrance. "Who? Who's coming back?"

In response, she just turned her head to look over her shoulder at the SandWing and replied, "You'll see." Before walking on and disappearing into the darkness.

A/N: Notice: My update schedule is mostly based on popularity. The more readers that comment, the more common updates will be.

Cliffhanger, again. Who might that green dragon be? See if you can figure it out before the next update!

Thank you for reading this chapter of my book! If you liked it, please vote and comment. If you have any advice, please comment your suggestion. Please no rude comments, thanks!

Chapter 3 - Eavesdropping

Fatespeaker sighed. WHEN would she find something to do? She was incredibly bored, and no idea how to entertain herself. She decided to peek into Starflight's quiet office, to hopefully sneak past him.

Her eyes darted to the small candle-lit cave and silently entered the room. She made her talonsteps ever so quietly, although Starflight's ears still twitched with uncertainty.

"Hello?" He asked the endless shelves, sensing movement. Fatespeaker froze in place, although she didn't know what she wanted to know. She just knew that sneaking up on him would be such a great idea. Fatespeaker had a vision about it.

Starflight shrugged and shifted his head back to a scroll resting in his hands. *A scroll,* Fatespeaker tilted her head. *That I've never heard of. Why would he be keeping a secret from me?*

Clay sat on the burgundy-oak colored stone cliff, gazing at the endless sunset sky, orange-sunlight rays casting a tangerine lighting across the color-varying sky. His amber-brown scales resembled a simple black with brownish hints, a small blot of ink gazing at the large pastel artwork spreading widely above him.

The gold-red glow of lower sky near the depths below him, gave Clay a reminder of the gold-tinted, smoking, orange-red glittering scales of Peril. He found himself rather missing her, although he had no idea what had motivated her to hide from him. His head swiveled around to place his gaze to view his friend, Tsunami, who was growling softly as she prowled slowly from the cave, her dark-blue silhouette climbing to join Clay.

"Have you recently seen Peril?" He hoped that Tsunami's answer

wouldn't be too harsh, but the SeaWing just sniffed haughtily and scoffed, "The fiery monster is trying to get her messy blood-stained talons on you, although I still don't get why you let her stay at Jade Mountain."

"Just give her a second chance, will you?" Clay exclaimed, exasperated. *Why does Tsunami hate Peril so much?*

"We *did.* It's not MY fault she lost it." Clay opened his mouth to argue with her, but she had already stalked back into the school.

Sunny squinted as a thin, shimmering IceWing stepped into the cave. Her icicle white scales glittered malevolently, and her presence radiated with power and stealth. "Do I know you?"

Her voice was slithery when she spoke, which gave Sunny an erie reminder of a snake hissing at its prey. "Mother of Prince Hailstorm, Princess Icicle and Prince Winter. Everyone should know me."

"Aaaaaaaand here she goes again." The green dragon laughed, and then immediately suppressed her laughter and tried to keep a stern face. Sunny tilted her head at her new friend. "What?"

"*Apparently,* queens have to be stern and mysterious and blah blah blah. I guess I'm not very good at being queen, am I?" The green dragon talked as if she didn't really mean it, but Sunny didn't know if the dragon was really that confident in her position of royalty.

"Enough talking." Tundra growled, her eyes seemed to drill into Sunny's soul. The green dragon whipped her head around and tilted her head. "And why would I do *that?*"

She turned her eyes back to look at Sunny. "Hi!"

"I'm Luna."

A/N: So I figured out an age chart converting a dragon's age into human years.

[image]

It seems that human years go by three times as quickly as dragon years do. It makes sense, actually.

Dragonets of Destiny = 6 yrs

Jade Winglet = (Around, this is the mean)4 yrs

Auklet, Cliff, and Dumblebee. (Around, this is the mean) 2 yrs

The dragonets of destiny act like 18 yr olds, the JW acts like 12 year olds, and Auklet, Cliff and Bumblebee act like 6 yr olds. (No offense, 6 yr olds.)

x2 also works, but I think I'd stick with x3.

Did you guess right? I'd guess so, I did try to make it obvious. Shielding Luna's emotions until now might have made it harder for you to predict her character, though.

Thank you for reading this chapter of my book! If you liked it, please vote and comment. If you have any advice, please comment your suggestion. Please no rude comments, thanks!

Chapter 4 - Miss you

[image]

A/N: So I recently decided that there could be a theme song for each chapter, since why not, I like recommending Taylor Swift songs. The music will be linked at the top, above the chapter title. Another reason for this is that, when readers or writers listen to music while reading or writing, the music puts them into a certain mood.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter! *Mumbles* Totally a coincidence that I was listening to Wildest Dreams while writing the plot for the next few books...

Fatespeaker sucked in her breath as a pale, cornsilk colored scroll clattered to the floor with a *bang*.

Starflight only sighed, exasperated. "I know you're there, come out already." At first, Fatespeaker thought that he had caught her, but her thoughts trailed off away from her alertness.

Why am I doing this? Stealing from my crush, I shouldn't be doing this. But another part of her whispered, *I have to find out what he's keeping from me.* Her brain was in shambles, trying to find the right decision to make.

Fatespeaker's ears pricked up when Starflight called her name. She gave a sigh. "Fine, I'm here." As she walked closer to his oak brown desk, her sharp emerald eyes moved along the desk, seeking for the white flash of scroll paper she'd seen earlier. "I know what you're looking for, and you can't have it." Fatespeaker gritted her teeth and growled.

"And how would you know? This is MY MOONING BUSINESS, stop STALKING me and barging your ugly snout into MY MOONING LIFE!"

"I'm not STALKING you, YOU'RE the one who's sneaking into my

library, thinking you're so STEALTHY and PRETTY and you're BETTER than everyone else!"

Fatespeaker roared back at him, her "A LOVER IS *SUPPOSED* TO BE BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE! THAT'S HOW LOVE WORKS!"

"NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE! A LOVER HAS TO BE LOVED BY SOMEONE ELSE, THAT'S WHAT! AND NOBODY LOVES YOU, ESPECIALLY NOT ME! WE'LL NEVER WORK OUT, NO MATTER WHAT!" Starflight spat back at her, arching his back to cast a long shadow across his scroll-covered desk.

The fight raged on for what seemed like hours, as the NightWings threw insults at each other, arguing and roaring at each other. Fatespeaker wondered how long she could take this quarrel before she straight up *lost it*.

As Starflight spat a last insult at her, Fatespeaker's heart sank for a moment, but the angry fury of the fight took over her control. "THEN FINE, YOU DON'T WANT ME, I DON'T WANT YOU. I'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE, YOU CAN LOVE *PERIL* FOR ALL I CARE!

Starflight shrank back from the fiery rage flaming in Fatespeaker's harsh tone, backing away from the wildfire leaping toward him as he predicted the anger that was about to erupt from the female NightWing. "But-

"I DON'T CARE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR HORRIBLE FACE EVER AGAIN!"

Starflight was frozen with shock. He wasn't sure what he was feeling, his emotions were an exploding volcano of overwhelming reactions. He was relieved, confused, satisfied, sad, and smug at the same time, and had no idea what was the right thing to do.

He shook himself, trying to squash his disappointment, which was building up every moment Fatespeaker was gone. *I shouldn't miss her. I don't. I don't even like her, she'll never replace Sunny. I shouldn't even care. There are dragons going missing every day, and I need to save*

them.

But really, he felt deep down that he couldn't be useful. Even though he was a dragonet of destiny, he still felt useless. Starflight was just the clumsy blind dragon who ever so often gave some wise speech of some sort, but nothing really useful.

Why did Sunny have to do this? Me and Fatespeaker never seem to work out.

The storm gathering in the dark clouds above gave the shadows below a dark, obsidian-scarlet coloring, as the sun slowly crept behind the mountains ahead, which were dark, oak-brown silhouettes against the tangerine-amber sky. Lightning flashed, illuminating the anthophyllite, towering clouds, slowly working to blot out the sunset. She flapped her wings harder, hoping to reach a shelter before the rain started to pelt her wings.

I don't know what I'm doing. Fatespeaker often found herself in this situation, where she dove before thinking and had to wing it afterwards, making it up as she went. As her eyes searched the mountains before her, which reflected the sunset with a scarlet light, she spotted a small cave. That could provide her shelter enough, giving her time enough to plan what to do next.

Maybe Starflight still wants me. Maybe if I come back later, he'll forgive me. Fatespeaker shook herself, trying to clear Starflight from her mind. *I don't want him anymore. He doesn't really like me, anyway.*

As her light talons landed onto cold, hard rock, she wondered if there was someone else out there that could be her lover, instead. Fatespeaker climbed into the small cave, and settled to rest, her tail lying on her snout as she watched the bright, warm, amber sunset fade into a soothing, navy blue-black night sky dotted with diamond-like stars.

Maybe things are crazy back home. But I don't have to think about home right now. I can just enjoy this night, and forget my worries. Maybe I'll fix my life someday, but right now, I just want to appreciate the world

around me.

A/N: Uhhhh so at one point when I was writing this, I reached 777 words at 4:44 PM...

Anyway, I hope you like my music idea. I've seen some other authors use that feature, so I thought I'd try it out.

Thank you for reading this chapter of my book! If you liked it, please vote and comment. If you have any advice, please comment your suggestion. Please no rude comments, thanks!

Author's Note

Here's the bad news:

I must inform you (sadly) that I am going to pause Wattpad until Summer 2022, possibly farther. I will not read, write, or comment, as I now have a more complicated schedule.

Know that one day I will return to this story, but for now I'm going to be gone for a while.

The good news:

When I DO come back, I'll probably be an official writer and all, and be advertising you to read my other stories. (Yes I am bragging that's me.)

So the next chapter will probably be posted next year, or 2023. I am hoping to return as soon as possible, though.

Truly sorry,

Queen_Glory02

Im back

Hi

So

Im back

because

WHAT THE F, ONLINE SCHOOL HAS SNOW DAYS.

WHAT

WHAAAAA---

ITS FREAKING COLD **OUTSIDE*!***

Bruh, 17-year old principal.

Actually, if you think about it, she has the responsibility of a 17-year old.

Anyway, I'm going to update again.

Bye!

Update

Because of privacy reasons, I won't be answering any comments except ones specifically about the story. I like sharing my stories with you, but there's also internet street safety. Anyway, the next chapter should come out soon!

See ya!

Chapter 5 - Investigating

[image]

A/N: So almost all of this is Sunny and Luna acting as if they were the protagonists of Lucifer, but there's some Fatespeaker and Peril in here, too.

Sunny had made good friends with Luna, over the last two days. They were discussing about how to escape, and figure out the plot, when a slithery shadow loomed upon them.

To Sunny's surprise, it was not Tundra. Instead, it was a pair of NightWings holding brutally sharp spears. Sunny immediately thought, *enemies*, but Luna had a different response.

"Well *you're* certainly grumpy. Be *really* careful with those, you might poke your eye out." Luna said it carelessly, but Sunny was certain that she was actually concerned. "...Do you happen to have any honey drops?" Luna tilted her head.

The first NightWing was fierce on the outside, but the impression immediately melted away when Sunny heard his voice. "Hmm. I think so? I left some in the cave nearbY-OWW!" He stumbled backwards as the second NightWing dug his claws into his tail. "*What?!*"

"You are the most terrible prison guard *ever*. Never gift your captives, as they will use their weapons against you." The second NightWing growled.

"But... Honey drops aren't weapons!"

"You'll never know." He replied, shooted a haughty, disdainful look at the first NightWing, and turned his head to the prisoners again.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Ravenwing, and *that creature*," Ravenwing shot another scolding glance at the first NightWing, "is *Nightkeeper*." Nightkeeper smiled cheekily.

"Shut UP, will you?" He growled at Nightkeeper, but only received a smirk. "But, I didn't say anything." Ravenwing gave out an exasperated sigh.

"I am TRYING to be THREATENING, you MONGOOSE HEADED SMUG LIZARD!" He cleared his throat. "ANYWAY, we're supposed to be guarding your cell." Sunny only now realized that Luna was laughing, although she didn't seem to be trying too hard to hide it.

"So we have two arguing idiots to guard our cell? Nice! This will be interesting." Luna commented, as both guards turned away from the cell to argue about blood cells in prison.

A/N: Don't ask. Just don't.

"I guess." Sunny chuckled at the quarreling NightWings, and for the first time, she noticed something. Something *wrong*. Something in her brain didn't seem quite right, it just felt plain *wrong*. *What* in the *world* was happening to her?

Luna's smile faltered a little when she saw Sunny's concerned face, searching the SandWing's eyes. "Are you okay? You seem like your soul is drifting off into the distance." Sunny snapped back to attention.

"Yeah, I'm fine," She lied.

"Well, if you say so."

The two prisoners explored their restrains thoroughly, whispering of plans to escape, although they had no successful attempts so far.

Sunny paused, and lifted her talon from a small crack in the wall, thinking hard. *Does Luna have powers? She must be very powerful to be a queen when so young.* "Do you have any... powers?"

Sunny tried to speak only curiously, but Luna took this as an intriguing question, as if she hadn't realized what was behind it. "Well, I can put twenty-seven watermelons in my mouth, and I can shoot awesome glowy string from my wrists." She demonstrated,

and indeed, a very glowy orange string was produced from her faintly glowing wrists. *Flamesilk*, Sunny remembered. *SilkWing power*.

"Why don't you use your flamesilk to escape?" Sunny could think of several ways a power like that could be useful.

"It doesn't work. The bars must be animus-touched, or something." She made a face Sunny couldn't quite interpret. Anger? Amusement? She wasn't sure.

They thought in silence for a long moment, plans forming and falling in their heads. A thought struck Sunny in the head like a lightning bolt. "OH! I have an--"

She was cut off from a distant scream from behind a closed door.

Fatespeaker awoke to a the sound of claws scrabbling on a stone floor. *What's making that noise?* As she pricked her ears, she heard more sounds. A dove sang a sad song, and a waterfall roared below her, although distantly. The odd thing was that the scrabbling noise was coming from the other side of her cave.

She cautiously turned a corner and was surprised to see a lime-green SeaWing struggling to pick up a slippery fish. His head snapped up at the sound of her approach, his face full of curiosity mixed with confusion. "Ack! Who are you?" His voice was panicked, but he was wearing a goofy smile, and his eyes were deep with humor and joyfulness over a layer of a dark, hidden past.

"Oh, I'm just a random old NightWing named Fatespeaker." *With prophetic powers*, she added silently. She didn't say that part aloud because whenever she mentioned her powers, dragons cringed awkwardly for a reason unknown to her. *I don't want to make a bad first-impression on a dragon like this*. Plus, she had started worrying about whether announcing her special abilities was selfish or attention-greedy.

"A random dragon wandering around the mountains, eh?" The

SeaWing chuckled, but clearly still in deep confusion. "Huh. Fatespeaker. Why does that seem so familiar?" When she thought about it, she realized she distantly recognized this dragon. *Why would I recognize a SeaWing?* She thought to herself, then shook it off. She had most likely glimpsed him while she was flying in the mountains earlier. "What's *your* name?"

The SeaWing hesitated. "Well, I don't really have a name." Fatespeaker tilted her head at him, extremely curious. "Were you banned from the orphanage before you were named, or...?" He threw back his head and laughed. "I like you, you're funny. But no. I had a previous identity, but it turned out badly, so I decided to start a new life in the mountains."

"Sometimes I wish I could enchant life to work out the way I want it to, or enchant myself to know why all this happened." She wished she knew how to work out her relationship with Starflight, or how to calm down the JMA students. "Sometimes I do, too. But I'm trying to see life in a different way, and I'm beginning to like the feeling when I'm successful without any help." Fatespeaker thought about that for a while.

"I came here because I pissed off my boyfriend, and I'm not sure he'll welcome me back home."

The SeaWing attempted to whistle, failed, and said. "Oof. Pissing off boyfriends is tight."

A/N: Totally not a Ryan George pitch meeting reference, nope, definitely not.

Fatespeaker grinned amusedly, and they spent the rest of the day chatting and telling jokes to each other. And for the first time in months, Fatespeaker felt satisfied.

Both prisoners froze in terror. "What was that?" Sunny asked quietly, staring intensely at the door. Luna literally informed her, "A scream from behind a door." Sunny figured it was a joke, but she didn't laugh. She didn't feel like there was anything to laugh about.

Is this normal? Sunny was distracted from her thoughts of uncertainty by Luna. "You said you have an idea?" Sunny nodded. "Yes. But it'll take time, and we'll have to be stealthy."

"We make a crack in the floor, then dig down until we find the dirt beneath the ground. Then, we should be able to dig out a tunnel." Luna lifted her fist to smash it into the floor, the paused. "Won't the guards notice the tunnel, or be alerted by the smashing?" "We'll just sit on it or in front of it, and make it little bits at a time." Sunny explained. Luna nodded and casually jumped on a certain spot in a corner.

After a few hours of thumping and scratching, a hole the size of a squirrel had been made in the concrete. During the long period of time, Sunny shared her story about Fatespeaker and Starflight and her weird *wrong* feeling. "Is that why you were twitching your eyebrow before?" Sunny nodded. Luna looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. "You know, a few days before I was captured, I was talking to my friend Sundew about animus magic. It's this cool Distant Kingdoms thing! Is it possible that Fatespeaker is an animus?"

She pondered this possibility. "An animus?" Her mind instantly flashed to Darkstalker, and shuddered. "If she was an animus, we would have known by now and--" She shuddered, realizing that if Fatespeaker was an animus, she would be a *relative*. *I don't know why, but I really don't want to be half-sisters with my ex-boyfriend's new girlfriend.*

Fatespeaker struggled to sleep that night. She felt it, for real this time.

She was having a VISION!

But a real one this time! *Why am I so desperate to have a vision?* She asked herself. A tiny, but dark part of her whispered, *because you're not good enough*. She shoved that to the back of her brain. *Of course I'm good enough*. Why wouldn't she be?

She eventually fell asleep to the sound of water below and fell into

a dream. The sun was high in the sky, and monarch butterflies fluttered around a green meadow, where Jade Mountain could be seen from a distance. Fatespeaker was fiddling with a dandelion. *I hate that Sunny. I* know *she was kind enough to hand me her boyfriend, but it seems like she still envies me.*

If only I were an animus, then I could enchant this monarch to make Sunny like someone else. Or just be less *boring* and *tidy* and *normal* and *sweet.* Fatespeaker liked fierce dragons. The bells rang, once, twice, thrice, and Fatespeaker rushed towards the Mountain, as she would be expected to escort the students to their classes.

She woke up in a flash, excited and confused at the same time. *That was definitely a* real *prophetic dream.* She could *feel* it.

But then, why was it of a moment in the past, not the future?

Peril watched from a distant ledge in a corner as the dragonets handed out little scavenger communication devices. She felt... Left out. She just couldn't *fit in.* She couldn't *be normal.* She couldn't *stop setting things on fire.*

Tsunami handed Thrush, a SkyWing, a tablet with a green button on it. She explained as the student fumbled around with the object, mystified. "With the help of Sky and Queen Snowfall, we've worked with scavengers to develop a machine that can transfer messages from one place to another." All the students listened intently. A MudWing, Sepia asked, "Is it MAGIC?" "I guess you could call it that," Tsunami replied. "When you press the green button, it will make a 'phone call'--whatever that means--to your parent or guardian. When you talk into this black thing called a 'microphone', it sends the sounds to the other side of the call, where your parent or guardian can hear you."

Starflight added, "This is our safety protocol. If anything happens, *press the green button.* You can instantly communicate with someone who can help you if you are in danger. Any questions?" The cave erupted with voices, and Peril covered her ears. She did not like the loud noise. But before she could blink, the world went dark.

She woke up with a pain in her head, realizing that she had fallen off the ledge she had been perching on earlier. She watched as the rest of the dragons around her woke and stood up, confused. Peril's eye caught it first, and she stumbled onto the higher ledge where the dragonets where standing to survey the crowd in more detail. "7 out of the 23 students here have vanished. So have Tsunami and Glory, plus Sunny who disappeared days ago."

Starflight's head whipped to stare at her, along with several students. "This is your doing, isn't it?"

A/N: Poor Peril perishes, perplexed, piling on peer pressure propaganda.

Thank you for reading this chapter of my book! If you liked it, please vote and comment. If you have any advice, please comment your suggestion. Please no rude comments, thanks!

TORD Story

[image]

Hi! It's me. So, I may or may not work on this story because I've started a TORD skit thing with three (four?) of my OCs with the JW and DOD. Dares and questions are currently: Open.

700 views???????

Uh.

I just noticed.

I have 700 views???

I just wanted to say tysm to all you readers, it really makes my day. Also I managed to get to #2 in #sunnyflight! Honestly, this just started as a little fanfic that would just sort out the Sunnyflight mess and give me better writing practice, but I guess it turned into something even more! Anyway, have a great day everyone!

Bye <3

Chapter 6 - Runaway

A/N: Yes. I'm still doing this.

Starflight paced nervously around the library. He was extremely upset. At least one third of his students had disappeared, and he hadn't been fast enough with the tablets. *It's all my fault, the school is failing, it's all my fault.* Most importantly, Sunny was gone, and he didn't even have a trashy backup girlfriend to comfort him.

Moon abruptly cut through his fluttering tornado of worries, "Don't call Fatespeaker trashy. She was doing the best she could. From what I see in her thoughts, she just needs attention. She needs people who admire her." Starflight had almost forgotten Moon was there until then. She had been so quiet, clearly deep in her scroll, but not deep enough for her to overhear his thoughts.

"Sorry," he apologized. He didn't mean to be rude, and now he felt bad. He shouldn't have said that mean thing, or any of the mean things he'd said. There were so many problems Starflight couldn't solve, like a thousand sharks lunging toward him all at once. Or stuck in a spinning whirlpool of emotions. Stuck in a cycle, his motion sickness increasing by the minute. What if everyone disappears? What if he never saw Sunny again? What if he never was able to apologize to Fatespeaker before something happened to him, or her, or both of them? What if this was the end of the world as he knew it?

Moon shifted uncomfortably, then moved farther from him. "I'm sorry, but your thoughts are really distressing to me. It's hard to focus when the dragon next to me is a bombarding hurricane of negative thoughts. No offense, but it's just really stressing me out." Her comment didn't help at all. *See? Now your worries are pushing away your friends. What if all my friends hate me now? Argh, I'm worrying even more! STOP WORRYING, STARFLIGHT, STOP WORRYING!*

Fatespeaker had no worries at all. The wind was in her wings, and she felt... Free. Free from all the chaos at home. Free from all the whispered secrets no one would tell her, the disapproving looks on by-passer faces, the heavy weight of carrying everyone's responsibilities, the messy tangle of social complications, and bad relationships. She could just be herself and let the world be. She looked at her green partner, who was flying along beside her, and beamed.

"What are you so happy about?" He asked. Fatespeaker shrugged, "Oh, you know. There are just so many things I have to carry, back at Jade Mountain. So many problems to deal with, and so escaping for even a few days feels like I've just broken out of a cage I've been trapped in for years." He nodded sympathetically, and replied, "I could relate. Escaping my old life and the Talons of Peace made me feel like I've left all my problems behind."

"But I think that the best part of my trip to the mountains," Fatespeaker started, "Is meeting you." He smiled sheepishly. "Aw, thanks." She thought for a moment. "You need a name. A real name. Unless you want me to call you "Ditched-my-name" for the rest of your life."

He chuckled. "I would prefer if you didn't." Fatespeaker thought of some SeaWing names. "Hmm, we could do... Jellyfish? Seahorse! Whale! Crab, maybe. Stingray? Oh, what about Clownfish?" The SeaWing considered her ideas, then said, "How about... Algae?"

"Algae. I like that. It suits you."

Sunny immediately jumped onto the now wide hole in the floor when she heard a dragon approaching. Luna created a small thread of flamesilk so that she could see who was coming. Ravenwing walked in front of their cell, holding a ring of keys. *Keys! Yes! Are we being set free?* She was accompanied by a NightWing Sunny didn't recognize.

"You, come with me. SandWing, you are to stay here." Ravenwing hissed at her, and added, "We won't let you escape *this time*." She

unlocked the cell for a split second, yanked Luna out, then quickly shut the cell. *What does she mean, "this time"?* She had never met any of the dragons here, except Tundra. She thought, and thought, and thought. Finally, her mind snagged onto a memory.

The day before, Tundra and Ravenwing had walked by their cell. She thought she remembered them saying something about Fierceteeth. *Fierceteeth. The NightWing who captured me.* How and why would these dragons have a connection to her former captor? She began to deepen the hole she and Luna had made. It was now dragon-wide, and tall enough to hide her entire body, so she started to make paths underneath the floor.

She heard Nightkeeper whistling down the hall, and dug a path toward the sound. Sunny followed him until she heard another dragon above. Tundra's snake-like voice slithered into her ears, and she tried to follow what the IceWing was saying. "Don't azul the NightWings are in charge. *I* lead the floof here." Sunny was pretty sure the IceWing didn't say "azul" or "floof", but it was hard to hear under layers of dirt.

Tundra continued, "There may be a NightWing on the IceWing throne, but I am the one who controls her." She hissed, and Sunny could almost feel Nightkeeper backing away as he replied, "Of course, of course." A third voice chimed in, which she recognized very clearly. "There will be no one to stop us if our tribe takes over the continent." Fierceteeth was there. "Get Ravenwing. I want to make sure that little SandWing brat hasn't escaped."

What is she doing here?

Sunny raced back to her cell, hiding the escape tunnel just in time. Ravenwing was back, with Luna and Fierceteeth. Fierceteeth hissed at her, as Ravenwing quickly shoved Luna back into the cell. He gave Fierceteeth the keys, and started walking down the darkened hall. "I'll be with Nightkeeper if you need me," he called over his shoulder. "Which I won't." She grumbled. Then she turned to the two prisoners. "SandWing."

"Nice to meet you again."

Peril waded into a puddle and shivered. It was cold, and damp and dark in the back caves. *Better than having a bunch of disapproving dragons staring at you,* she thought to herself. Little clouds of steam rose from her reflection, as though her last piece of happiness had melted away like her fire at the touch of looking at the disappointment she was. *Don't give up. There must be some way to find the real culprit.* If Peril could save the day instead of being antagonized by the dragons around her, she could win the better side of Clay's friends, and possibly get a chance to be with who she wanted to be with.

But that was a lot of hope, wobbling on an impossible chance. How could she impress others? Catch the kidnapper? Convince anyone to *believe* her?

"Banished to the caves?"

Peril slowly turned toward the creaky voice and saw what seemed like the shell of a dragon slowly blinking, his heavy, concrete-like scales shifting against its will. "Stonemover, right?"

The fossilized NightWing nodded slowly, then replied, "Unfortunately, it is indeed me." His voice was like an old door opening for the first time in years, like a fork scraping against a plate.

He chuckled a weak, wheezing laugh and added, "I find it ironic that they called me Stonemover, and I end up a stone that doesn't move."

She noticed how his jaws moved ever so slowly when he talked, as if they were heavy boulders trying to be lifted, which they probably were, now that she thought about it. "I'm guessing they named you for your animus magic, right?"

Stonemover gave a small nod again, "That horrid thing, it ruined my life. Fate always seems to give the wrong dragons power, discovering my gift was such a nightmare. I feared the NightWings would make me do something terrible, which they did." As he

finished his sentence, Peril realized that this fact was relatable.

"I think it's not that we were the wrong dragons to get powers, but that the powers were the things that shaped our personalities and situations," She paused, glancing at Stonemover and then continued, "If I was just a normal SkyWing dragonet, Kestrel would have most likely stayed a loyal soldier to Scarlet until Ruby took over and had her punished. If you were a normal NightWing dragonet, you might've escaped the island without anyone noticing."

"I wish," he replied simply with a wistful expression. "But unfortunately, NightWing dragonets are deemed too valuable to be lost, so they are kept under strict supervision."

The firescale SkyWing felt satisfied finding somedragon that understood her, but it also made her uneasy that it was a fossilized animus that most dragons would avoid.

"You know, you're kind of lucky compared to me. All you had to do was turn into a rock to get rid of the curse, but I'm stuck with my scales."

"I could turn you into a rock, if you'd like," Stonemover suggested, but she shook her head vigorously, "No, no thank you."

Peril continued, trying to clarify, "What I mean is that you're lucky you had no one to lose, you grew up in a place full of terrible NightWings you didn't like. There weren't any dragons you could get attached to and get torn away from."

He turned to face her for the first time, and she jumped back, startled. But he only said, "I did, actually."

The firescaled dragon opened her mouth to ask, when she heard voices farther down the caves. She quickly whispered to Stonemover: "*I have to hide. They think I've done something to their students and I don't know what they'll do with me if they find me near the water.*"

Stonemover have a tiny nod, his stone scales creaking at the movement as she silently bounded farther into the twisting maze.

The slippery black stone underneath her worn out talons was wet and dug uncomfortably into her palms. The muffled voices were slowly catching up with her, and she could pick out a few words, "Peril..." "...Not sure why..." "...Find her..." The SkyWing heard Stonemover speaking to the two dragons following her, his scales making tiny cracking sounds as he turned his head around.

The dragons turned a corner and she dove behind a large boulder and submerged herself into a small pool that had been formed by rain flowing down the tunnels, eroding rock and filling holes during storms. Peril didn't like the shivers that went up her spine as she gingerly waded into the ice-cold puddle, but it wouldn't be so cold after a few minutes, with her firescales that could be used to boil water in less than ten minutes.

What annoyed her *more* was the incessant dripping from the cave stalactites dripping unexpectedly onto various scales every five seconds. She tried listening in to the conversation, and realized a third dragon had accompanied them. There was a loud, shouty voice filled with rising anger, like steam on a pot of water about to boil, and a much calmer and soft voice with a slight tone of worry. Both were familiar. Peril's ears pricked as she heard her name spoken by the third voice, which was filled with anxiety and regret.

"...Peril," finished the third voice, and she realized it was Starflight.

"PERIL! Why is it always *Peril*? Why did we even *let her stay?"* By the tone and the radiation of rage, she figured Tsunami was speaking. "After all this drama that's happened since *Peril* entered the equation, shouldn't we be worried about what she's doing with all that time on her palms?"

The fuming SeaWing continued, "Letting *her* destroy the school is like setting out *food bowls* for *cockroaches*."

Peril could have, and *should* have, let that insult fly past her, but she would *not,* and would in fact *never* tolerate being called a *cockroach* behind her back. She leapt out from her hiding spot in the puddle with a loud splash. She crawled up the boulder, and at the top she glared down at the assortment of the DOD that was left, shaking water droplets of her wings. Apparently, that included

Tsunami, who *apparently* was part of the group of dragons she "melted". All three dragons turned to look at her, even Starflight, that must have sensed the hissing, writhing ball of fire in Peril's voice.

"YOU ALWAYS SAY, 'OH, THERE GOES PERIL THE STUPID SKYWING, WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW?'" Her throat was already sore from shouting, but she went on, "BUT YOU NEVER ASK *HOW'S* SHE DOING."

Her claws gripped tighter onto the boulder's smooth surface, sending small trails of water. "I'm SICK and TIRED of being PUSHED BACK, SMASHED DOWN, and SHOVED INTO CORNERS by you. Tell me WHY you ALWAYS put the blame on ME *FIRST!*" Her tail lashed back and forth, sending what had not evaporated yet across the cave and making small splashing sounds.

Clay looked down at his talons, shifting uncomfortably and took a step backward, Starflight looking a bit taken aback as well, but Tsunami stood her ground and stared right back at the copper-red SkyWing that the stupid *Fish*Wing might have thought was a *snake*, for all *she* thought of Peril.

"If you hate me so much," the Princess snarled, "then why don't you just *leave*?"

For a moment, it hit her hard like a boulder rushing at her at high speeds from higher heights, landing with an echoing thud and crushing the firescales underneath.

For a moment, it blew her backwards like a tidal wave that had built up underneath the surface and tossed her into the drink like a dandelion seed, with a force stronger than a million animus dragons joined in one, drowning her into the dark depths of the ocean.

For a moment, there was nothing she could say, nowhere she could run, stuck in a freeze frame of everlasting doom, fixed in place by the sticky, oozing glue of shock, outrage, betrayal, and dreaded expectation.

But only for a moment.

She was Peril.

She had scales of burning infernos.

Weapons bounced off her.

Dragons feared her.

Yet her firescales could not protect her from many things.

Venom. Tornadoes. Hurricanes. Bright lights.

But there was another way to hurt her.

Words. Stupid words.

If sticks and stones can't break my bones, I should be able to get over this. Her voice wavered in a mix of dripping wet sadness and burning hot anger, but she held her tone strong. "Then *why don't I.*"

And with that, she leapt out of the cave into the dreary sky still lightly drizzling like her memories of JMA before it all dried out as the three Dragonets stared abashedly at Peril's fiery scales as they disappeared into the mist.

A/N: Imma end it there because otherwise it'll take even more time...

It took me soooo long because it's 2416 words long, the longest in the book so far... Also because I got distracted :P

The second longest is the Prologue which is about 2100 words and then Chapter 5, which was around 1900, in third place. So. Tada.

You thought I gave up on this book? No, it's just I'm working reaaaaally slow because I have no motivation.

Anyway, BYE!

Update on stuff I'm gonna be shipping in this book

So... Some ship stuff that's changed since I started this.

1. I don't ship Sunnyflight. I have..... YET ANOTHER LOVE INTEREST FOR HER!

2. Squidspeaker has taken over. Halp.

3. Uhm. I read a Clayflight fanfic. NO GOING BACK.

4. Peril is officially bi, because I said so. Sorry Cleril shippers ;-;

5. Riptide is getting married to.... Sky?????? Idk, it's hard to find anyone close to his age.

No one else ships this but *I WILL*.

Just imagine.....

6. Glornami is there but not much of it.

7. Deathbringer will be SINGLE for now. Because there's no canon characters anywhere near his age...

8. I have created a completely fanon gay ship. See if you can guess what it is before the next chapter comes out...They're side characters tho.

ANYWAYYYYYYY

Bye!

Not a chapter, but please read

All sorts of stories from Wattpad are being illegally stolen and posted on other websites without any permission. Yes, you might write in a crevice of the site, but when those are stolen, it's harder to reclaim them, because there aren't as many readers to step up as some of the bigger, higher-ranked novels.

Any authors reading this should consider this question: Are you writing as a hobby, or a future career? Do you want to take writing as a job?

If you want to be serious with your novels, don't hold too tight to the stories you have published here. Your writing will eventually rise up in ranks and attract more attention: For the better or the worse. It means more chance that people will try to steal it.

I'm not saying you shouldn't publish stories here. I'm saying that if you want to seriously copyright your story, you should become a published athor. You can do it! If you're too young to start it all on your own, talk to your parents about trusted writing websites.

I've been using NaNoWriMo for a bit, which has better copyright rules and more official. It gives you opportunities for printing your books at a company, even!

If you think you're not ready to make that move yet, feel free to stay on Wattpad. I'm just saying that Wattpad isn't very good for a career. It's good for practicing your writing skills to your best, though. Wattpad is a good place to *start* writing. You have peer motivation, and direct feedback from your readers. It's an awesome clash of social media and writing.

Anyway, that's all I wanted to say.

Queen_Glory02 out!

I GOT MY ACCOUNT BACK

I am sooooooo sorry i haven't published anything for so long

I started writing a different novel in a different site and then forgot my password...

BUT NOW I REMEMBER IT!

So ABA is recontinued!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ok bye

wait 2K READDS??!?!?!?!?!?!???!?!?!??!?!?!

how